

The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

London
September 13, 1944



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THE TATLER

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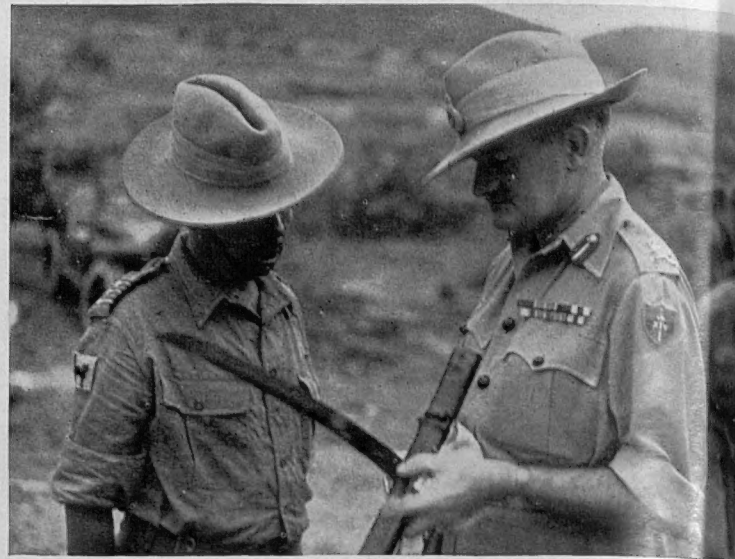
Mrs. Victor Seely with Victoria, Alexandra and Victor

Mrs. Seely was photographed with her son and daughter and her stepdaughter at The Old House, Clapton, Northamptonshire, where she has been living for some time. Her husband, Major Victor Seely, serving in the 9th Lancers, was captured in North Africa in April, 1941, and was a prisoner in Italy until last September, when he escaped to Switzerland. He now works at the British Legation there. Mrs. Seely was Miss Mary Collins, and is the elder daughter of the late Mr. W. R. Collins and Mrs. Collins. She married Major Seely as his third wife in 1937, and her daughter, Alexandra, was born in 1938. Her son, Victor, born in 1941, has not yet seen his father. Victoria, who is eleven, is Major Seely's daughter by his second marriage to Lord Rochdale's daughter, who died in 1935. Major Seely is a brother of Lord Sherwood, formerly Sir Hugh Seely, Bt., and is heir to the baronetcy



With the Desert Air Force in Italy

Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff, on a recent visit to Italy, flew to the advanced H.Q. of the Desert Air Force. There he met the A.O.C., Air Vice-Marshal W. F. Dickson, with whom he is seen above



A Sword For the 14th Army Commander

Lieut.-General W. J. Slim, commander of the 14th Army in Burma, examines an enemy sword presented to him by the 7th Gurkha Rifles. Originally a Gurkha officer, General Slim served in Abyssinia, Irak, Syria and Persia before commanding a corps in Burma



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

GERMANY is in the last throes of her once mighty and formidable war effort. She is trying to summon the last resistance she possesses to meet the inevitable. So true is this that even General Dittmar has had to admit that she is down to her very last reserves. But we cannot tell yet how the war will end or when. All the indications are that it will not last very much longer. It cannot. The weight and the concentration of the Allied attacks are such that they must triumph. There is detectable about German affairs a lack of direction and of co-ordination. The once efficient organization appears to have broken down. It may be that the remarkable advances through France have momentarily thrown the Germans off their balance. If this is so, however, there is another factor which must militate against them. The Germans are gradually being exhausted. The armies in the west have had to retreat so quickly that the troops have been unable to get a second wind. In Germany itself exhaustion grows with despair. All the weariness of five years of war is becoming evident. It is doubtful whether a victory in the field at this time would exhilarate the German people. They see too clearly the realities of Nazi failure.

Desperate

I THINK it is wiser to wait and to watch before attempting to assess the strength of Germany's final resistance. There may not be much resistance once the Allies have broken down the frontier defences. On the other hand it is difficult to conceive that the Germans as a whole have lost all their ferocity and that Nazi fanaticism is dead. I don't think that the fanatics will give up as easily as all that, but I do doubt very much whether there is left in Germany the capacity to co-ordinate this fanaticism. Even should there be, the

German people will need a lot of convincing that resistance is worth while. As they face the realities of defeat they must see the shallowness of all the Nazi boastings, the deceptions of the Hitler creed, and rottenness of the single-party structure, the wantonness of one-man rule, the betrayal of all the best that belongs by right to the human race. The death throes of Nazism will not be a pleasant picture, nor a pleasant experience for the people of Germany. They have put their faith in an evil genius and he has misled them and now they must suffer.

Battle

ANYTHING can happen in Germany at this moment. As defeat follows defeat in the west and the German armies are rolled back, I believe that the real battle for Germany is being fought inside the country. It is a battle between those who want to continue the hopeless resistance and those who realize that defeat is certain and surrender is wise. The Gestapo may continue their murderings, but I see the prospect that as they retreat the German troops may yet turn on their slave drivers. At all times civil war in Germany has been a possibility envisaged by those who have tried to foresee the end of the war. Up to now the Gestapo have been able to maintain the German people in a horrible but efficient bondage. Can the German people break their chains? Will somebody suddenly arise and speak for them and defy the Nazis in order that Germany can be freed? If it were any other country but Germany I would say that this is certainly possible, but I fear somehow that not even their most awful experiences have altered them. In the midst of their greatest dilemma, faced with the certainty of defeat, there appears to be no potential leader in Germany.

Coils

THE silence of Hitler is extraordinary. It might be menacing if Germany were not almost prostrate. If ever there was a time when whatever qualities of leadership he possesses were necessary, surely it is now. When this country faced her worst days, Mr. Churchill always spoke to the nation. He never shirked an issue; nor did he hide the stark truth. He rallied the British nation from time to time, and not only those who lived in the shadow of the danger of German might. His words heartened and encouraged all those who lived outside the British Isles and belonged to the United Nations.

Hitler doesn't speak! What must the German people think? They must realize that there is nothing that he can say. His propagandists have argued and lectured in every way, and now they and Hitler himself are being strangled by the very coils of the lies they have told.



On a Front Line Airfield

General Anderson, U.S.A.A.F., and Lady Queensberry are seen at Airstrip X in France. Airstrip X is the base of a fighter group of the U.S.A.A.F., occupied in smashing enemy transport, shooting up airfields, and providing air support for our tanks



Waiting For the Viceroy

Air Commodore F. W. J. Mellersh, A.F.C., and Mr. Richard Casey, Governor of Bengal, were photographed on Bengal airfield. They were waiting to see off Field-Marshal Lord Wavell when he left for Burma to tour bomber, fighter and supply squadrons operating against the Japanese



Prince Felix Visits Field-Marshal Montgomery

Early this month Prince Felix of Luxembourg paid a visit to Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery's headquarters in France. With them in this picture are Colonel Candeau, head of the French Military Mission, and Brigadier Christopher Peto, Chief Liaison Officer, 21st Army Group

Arrested

THERE are circumstantial rumours that Field-Marshal Hermann Goering has been put under house arrest. So many strange things have happened in Germany, and so many prominent people have been shot or hanged, or had mysterious accidents, that it is not surprising that these stories should be circulated about Goering. If ever there was a menace to Hitler at this moment, I should think it might be Goering. If the German people could possibly rouse themselves to revolt, I can think of nobody but Goering to lead them. In the last resort he would not care what happened to his Nazi friends. The industrialists who presented Hitler with the power that he has enjoyed would not, I am certain, be averse to making another experiment with Goering. Anything to save themselves and their pockets. If Goering cannot be pushed to the front, there is always Franz von Papen. He has come into the news again, and I have no doubt that

he is plotting to "save" Germany. There is nothing to prevent such Germans as these imagining that they can work their passage out of the war as did the Italians. Any one of them would be prepared to be a Badoglio. The next few weeks will be very interesting, for we shall see all sorts of manoeuvres as Germany struggles to avert the fate that is upon her. We shall have to be vigilant and strong and united if, as Allies, we are to secure the complete victory which will drive away shadows of war which have darkened Europe these long years.

Action

THE Swedish Government have led the way in declaring that there will be no sanctuary in Sweden for Hitler and his Nazi colleagues. Other countries are certain to follow Sweden's example. Soon Hitler will know that there is nowhere in Europe, nor in North America, where he can hide. All the holes have been

stopped. This is the measure of the hate that this one man has roused throughout the world. Nobody wants him; all are determined to deprive him of the safety of flight. What will Hitler do? There is the story that when he ordered the German troops to reoccupy the Rhineland in 1935, he took precautions against failure. According to the Polish Ambassador, who was stationed in Berlin, Hitler had a revolver at hand. It was his intention, he told the ambassador, that if the advance of the German troops was resisted by the French, and a debacle ensued, to shoot himself. He knew the nature of the gamble, and was ready to die if he lost. He won, and Europe has suffered as a result. Now Hitler is losing a much bigger gamble, and the hounds of justice are after him. Will he fulfil his earlier intentions, and commit suicide? Anybody who has seen his home at Berchtesgaden when the sun is dulled and the hills frown, may have felt the fateful atmosphere of that place. I have always thought that in the end Hitler will go back to those frowning hills to face the inevitability of his fate.



Commanding a British Corps

It was announced last month that Lieutenant-General N. M. Ritchie is commanding a corps in France. He is forty-seven, and commanded the 8th Army in Libya in 1941, where he was succeeded by Field-Marshal Montgomery



Commanding an Indian Division

Major-General Denys W. Reid commands the 10th Indian Division, which is serving in Italy as part of the 8th Army. Major-General Reid was captured in the Western Desert in 1941, but made his escape in November, 1943

Free

As one capital after another is freed the exiles return home. General de Gaulle has led the way by returning to Paris with his Government. The Belgian Prime Minister, and his ministers are on the way to Brussels. Soon—we cannot tell how soon—the Dutch Government will return to Holland and Queen Wilhelmina, that doughtiest of all monarchs, will be back on her throne. These are days of gladness in many a home, and of sadness, too. The exiles who return home will find many changes, and many vacant places. But they are in good heart, and firm in their determination to play their part in building a new and better Europe. All have experienced so much, those who stayed at home and those who have been in exile. If experience teaches wisdom, there must be hope for the future. There must be the makings of greater unity and purpose. The war must have created many and much more firm friendships. For our part, London has lived up to her history and tradition. She has sheltered those who are in need of shelter and done everything possible to make them happy. In the departure of the exiles there is a revival of hope. The war is ending, Europe is being freed, and the world goes on to new and greater opportunities.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Letter to Mervyn McPherson

By James Agate

DEAR MERVYN,
If only Hollywood would not over-boost its wares! If *An American Romance* had come to me in the ordinary way I should have said it was a nice, well-intentioned, dull, and over-long picture of the steel, motor and aeroplane industries. But the picture didn't come to me untrumpeted and unanfaned. The day before I saw it I received a letter from you headed in red ink: "Answer to your prayer! THE REAL AMERICA COMES TO LIFE ON THE SCREEN." And then in black ink: "Surely this is the answer to the critic's prayer for a picture about America, made in America, not just the America of the bijou residence with thirty-nine bedrooms and three swimming pools, or the America of the gangster, or the co-ed, or the sublimated swingster, but the America of the poor immigrants whom the United States took in, and who in return made those United States the richest and greatest industrial country in the world."

IN one respect, dear Mervyn, you were right. I have long wanted a picture about America as it really is. In other words, a picturization of something you will find in Whitman's *Collect*:—

"When I pass to and fro, different latitudes, different seasons, beholding the crowds of the great cities, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans, Baltimore—when I mix with these interminable swarms of alert, turbulent, good-natured, independent citizens, mechanics, young persons—at the idea of this mass of men, so fresh and free, so loving and so proud, a singular awe falls on me. I feel, with dejection and amazement, that among the geniuses and talented writers or speakers, few or none have yet really spoken to this people, created a single *image-making work* (italics mine) for them, or absorbed the central spirit and the idiosyn-

cracies which are theirs—and which, thus, in highest ranges, so far remain entirely uncelebrated, unexpressed."

I thought from your letter, that you had at last found for us this "image-making work." Again:—

"Indeed, the peculiar glory of our lands, have come to see, or expect to see, not in their geographical or republican greatness, not wealth or products (italics mine), nor military or naval power, nor special, eminent names in any department, to shine with, or outshine, foreign special names in similar departments—but more and more in a vaster, saner, more surrounding Comradeship, uniting closer and closer not only the American States, but all nations, and all humanity. That, O poets! is not that a theme worth chanting, striving for?"

Would not that, O Mervyn, have been a film worth making and boosting? I looked for a film about the American Romance and you give me one about an American industry.

It is true that you write: "This tale of a self-made man and a self-made nation takes Steve Dangos (Brian Donlevy) through the forty-six most crowded and pregnant years in all his story, from 1898 to 1944. It takes him through the pioneer years of the mammoth American steel industry; from steel to 'flivvers'; from those to the 'streamlined monarchs of the road,' and from automobiles to Flying Fortresses. A kaleidoscopic panorama of industry; but far more than that, because behind the steel bodies of the things he makes are always the human souls of Steve Dangos, his wife, his family, his friends and those who work with him and for him, culminating in a glorious row between him and all his associates, including his own son, because this great individualist cannot see how any need can exist for Unions when men are well treated and well paid."

I think, dear Mervyn, that you have been led away by King Vidor, who has spent ten years on conceiving something that any competent hack could have conceived in ten minutes. In my view it is just not true to say that behind this film's flivvers and fortresses are the human souls of the hero, his family and his friends. They seem to me to be mere figures taken from a card-index, and I feel that I know no more about them at the end of the picture than I did at the beginning. *They just don't live*, as the dramatic critics say. The whole picture boils down; I submit, to a row about the employees' right to a voice in the industry to which they are giving their lives.

I SUPPOSE Hollywood has never heard of a play by Galsworthy called *Strife*. The last time I saw this magnificent drama was at the Little Theatre in 1933, the cast containing Franklin Dyall, Felix Aylmer, Fisher White, George Nichols, Ivor Barnard, Andrew Leigh and Nancy Price. Give me those players and five thousand pounds and I will make a picture a thousand times more moving than Vidor with his fifty times five thousand pounds.

I AM afraid I see nothing in your picture beyond a lot of ironmongery, surrounding a pig-headed old man who in the early sequences reminds me of George Moore's translation of a French poem; also about one of your horny-handed heroes:—

He came along holding in his hands dirty, dirty, dirty,
A big nail pointed, pointed, pointed,
And a hammer heavy-heavy-heavy.
He propped the ladder high, high, high,
Against the wall white, white, white.



An American Romance is the life story of a Slovenian immigrant, Steve (Brian Donlevy), who arrives at Ellis Island in 1898 with the idea of getting work in the Minnesota iron mines. Steve prospers. His determination, enthusiasm and sincerity single him out from his fellows; he has a genius for production. It takes him through the pioneer years of the mammoth American steel industry; from steel to "flivvers," from those to "streamlined monarchs of the road," and from automobiles to Flying Fortresses. The top picture shows Steve on arrival working his way to the fabulous Mesabi Range; centre: Steve, beginning to prosper, falls in love with an Irish girl (Ann Richards) whom he marries; bottom: Steve and his friend, Howard (Walter Abel), start production of automobiles

He went up the ladder high, high; high.
Placed the nail pointed, pointed, pointed,
Against the wall—toc! toc! toc!

A pity, because on account of your letter I was looking forward to a Whitmanesque account of America's welding into a nation informed by the spirit of comradeship. Instead I get a picture about a man who makes a fool of himself but incurs no lash of irony. Once again the Japs bomb Pearl Harbour, and we are allowed to forget the old man's folly in his new-found interest in aeroplanes.

LET me end by offering you three crumbs of comfort and a little story. First crumb. I am not mechanically minded. I cannot and will not drive a motor car. I don't in the least care how they are made. I have never been



Show Business brings Eddie Cantor, the man with the rolling eyes, back to the screen. Eddie makes a frightened debut one *Amateur Night* in 1914 at the old Miners' Bowery. A song-and-dance man, George (George Murphy), befriends him and the two go into partnership. They team up with a sister act (Constance Moore and Joan Davis) and the four plan to make their fortune by staging a musical comedy. Before they succeed—and they do finally succeed—there are all kinds of trials and tribulations to be survived. Top right: Eddie Cantor and George Murphy; above: Eddie Cantor, Joan Davis, Constance Moore, George Murphy

to the motor show. I refuse to go in a plane. A film about hair-pins would interest me as much as one about flivvers and Fortresses. Second crumb. In spite of my non-interest in the subject I didn't feel the picture had lasted two hours and a half. Third crumb. I thought it all technically magnificent, and the acting of Brian Donlevy and Walter Abel superb. The women? I was sorry for Ann Richards who, I am afraid, takes a header into oblivion in a part of which Duse herself could have made nothing.

And now for the little story. As I came out one of the attendants at the Prince of Wales' Theatre came up to me and said: "Excuse me, sir, but is it as good as *Covered Girl*?" I said: "I think you mean *Uncovered Girl*." He said: "No, sir, I mean *Covered Girl*, the film we 'ad 'ere last week. Is it as good as that?" I said: "In intention, better." Must close now.

Yours ever,
JAMES AGATE.

P.S. You noticed, of course, four omissions from the American hot-pot? There was no mention of Germans, Wops, negroes and British. To judge from this picture, the American *plat* consists entirely of a couple of Slav onions and some gravy.



Double Indemnity is a picturization of the James M. Cain thriller. In it both Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray are murderers; they appear as Phyllis Dietrichson and Walter Neff. Phyllis is married to a man whose first wife she murdered. She is not happy and intrigues with her lover, Neff, to get rid of her husband so that they can cash in on his insurances. Neff is an insurance man and figures he can prepare a watertight alibi so that no one shall suspect their complicity. All goes according to plan until Neff's boss, Barton Keyes (Edward G. Robinson), gets a hunch that the death of his client was no accident. He scares Neff with an almost uncanny reconstruction of the crime. Neff weakens and his love for Phyllis turns to hate. The two murderers turn on each other. Phyllis is killed by Neff, who in turn is run to earth by Keyes and handed over to the police. Left: Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck. Right: Fred MacMurray and Edward G. Robinson

The Theatre

"Peer Gynt" (New)

By Horace Horsnell

MASTERPIECES of art that, for one reason or another, are not quite themselves present teasing problems. The world is littered with them. They range from the surviving fragments of Sappho's verse to the battered grimace of the tourist-haunted Sphinx. Here we have Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, a dramatic fantasy written in 1867. This long episodic poem comes to us inevitably transmuted by translation, and drastically (some might say mercifully) truncated. Such is the glory reflected by this relatively early work from the masterpieces that followed it, when Ibsen's genius as an artist and craftsman had fully flowered, that we are apt to be dazzled into uncritical admiration of what, had it come to us anonymously, might have prompted interest rather than admiration.

Imperfect sympathies, however, are not always justified antipathies; and inability to share the enthusiasm of the first-night audience assembled at the New Theatre to cheer *Peer Gynt* need not lead one to assume that the majority is always wrong. Besides, this was a special occasion, and there were several reasons for general rapture.

To begin with, it was the inaugural production by the Old Vic in what we hope will



The Button Moulder calls Peer to account (Laurence Olivier)



be its permanent London home, a housewarming of more than common warmth. Then there was the new Old Vic company led by such notable players as Dame Sybil Thorndike, Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, and Laurence Olivier. And finally there was the Old Vic audience—largely new recruits perhaps—which yields nothing in generous, keen enthusiasm to the old. In short, if the text of the play had equalled the artistry of the production and the acting, the occasion might have been completely memorable, and no one need have had reservations.

Whether the necessary cutting of the text helped or hindered full appreciation must remain an open question. We were given by Mr. Norman Ginsbury's version enough to suggest that every word of it was not pure

Peer's fairy-story account of his days in the mountains annoys his mother, Aase (Ralph Richardson, Sybil Thorndike)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Right: Peer is lured to the Court of the Troll King by the Woman in Green (Nicholas Hannen, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton)



gold, and that it might not have been clarified or rendered more seductive by addition. What one did appreciate was the imaginative decoration of the action, and a scene here and there which must have impressed in almost any circumstances. Indeed, so long as the venue was Norwegian snows, as opposed to African sands, and Peer himself was the poetic young scallywag, a king of dreams and shadows with all his symbolism to come, the phantasmagoria of the mountains promised to grow in giant strength and transcendental proportions.

Mr. Richardson assumed his heroic responsibilities with rhetorical grace and capable shoulders. He looked young and of a Burnside-like disposition. The portentous had yet sobered our sympathies. Dame Sybil, too, as the old mother of all insinuating prodigal sons, was nobly employed in sweetening with pathos the tragedy of all such mothers. And the famous scene, known as The Death of Aase, made familiar by the music of Grieg, seemed to me an affecting success.

THE fantasy that haunts the first act has a fairy-tale simplicity. Its symbols are universal, and Nicholas Hannen's devotion to duelling in make-up and deportment as the Troll King not only was a complete disguise of this first actor's natural self, but would possibly have whetted the eye and brush of Rubens had the glorious painter been temporarily short of rammier.

The kaleidoscopic scenery, with its shifting patterns, mists, icy shadows and chill attitudes, was a continual entertainment; and two of the bolder scenes—the Troll King's Court, and the House of Lunatics—had the bizarre distinction of ballet.

The Grieg obbligato reassured. Solveig's song (so like the theme tune of the piece), sweetly sung, and Solveig's inviolable goodness and fidelity are prettily established by Miss Joyce Redman. One may wonder what such fidelity, in the face of time, space and change, may signify exactly. But only such cynics could doubt that a boy's best friend is his mother, which seems to be the moral of the first act, would question that a bad man may be redeemed by a good woman's love, which may be the moral of the last act. Has it somewhat complacent period ring?

Mr. Olivier's lusty voice gives the Button Moulder's appearance and observations at the end a rousing interest, and penetrates the encircling gloom.

Here, then, is the first item in a repertoire that promises the prizes and amenities of the National Theatre, staffed by first-rate players and administered by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, when he also produces, sees to it that the good are attractive, surprising, and worth while.

London's Stage-Door Canteen



Bing Crosby Holds His Audience Spellbound with the Old Favourites



Mr. Anthony Eden is Given a Big Hand



Sir Robert Renwick and Mrs. George Spencer were interested spectators



Fred Astaire and his sister, Lady Charles Cavendish, shared a family joke



A General View of the Crowd at the Opening

● After a long delay, the Stage-Door Canteen, at 201, Piccadilly, opened with a flourish. The official ceremony was performed by Mr. Anthony Eden, who was accompanied by Mrs. Eden. A great number of leading personalities of stage, screen and broadcasting, as well as members of Governments, Navy, Army and Air Force of the United Nations were there. Among the artists who gave the canteen a tumultuous send-off were Jack Buchanan, Beatrice Lillie, Dorothy Dickson, Nervo and Knox, and Carole Lynne



Lady Vaughan was there with her father, Mr. T. A. Macaulay, Col. A. B. Harries and Mrs. Macaulay



Mrs. Dickson, wife of the Chairman of the Stage-Door Canteen, showed Lord Queenborough around



Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder was with his wife and Lieut.-General Nye, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff



Tea-Party for West Indian A.T.S.

The Duke of Devonshire (centre), Under-Secretary for the Colonies, entertained to tea members of the West Indian A.T.S., recently arrived in England. Col. Oliver Stanley, Secretary of State for the Colonies, was talking to Senior Controller Mrs. Whateley, A.T.S.



Dining in London

Swaebe

Miss Dodo Lees, a member of the French Red Cross, and one of the first English girls to go to France, was dining with Sir Harold Hood in London shortly before she was due to leave for the Continent



Back from Algiers

Lady Diana Duff Cooper, who arrived recently in London with her husband from Algiers, is seen here with her son, John Julius. Mr. Duff Cooper, British Representative with the French Provisional Government, is expected to go to Paris as British Ambassador

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Flying Visit

DURING His Majesty's short visit to London, he received in audience and knighted Lieut.-General Sir Willoughby Norrie, who kissed hands on appointment as Governor of South Australia. It was largely for the express purpose of seeing Mr. Winston Churchill, newly-back from his long, interesting and historic tour of Italy, that the King came to town, and after a long talk with the Prime Minister he returned to the country to rejoin the Queen and the Princesses.

The Scottish Moors

THE grouse in Scotland this year are few and far between, and in some parts 1944 is considered the worst season for over forty years. Disease spreading amongst the older birds in the hatching season, when many of the hens died before their chicks were old enough to fend for themselves, is believed to be the cause. It is a serious loss to the nation's larder, but it is hoped that by next year, when possibly a great number of our finest shots who

are abroad fighting at the moment will have returned home to more pleasant pursuits, the birds will have made up their numbers and a record season be provided for the men coming home.

Shooting Parties

THIS year Lord and Lady Mansfield again have friends shooting with them over Logie-Almond and Altmad, where they have had several days' "driving," but with poor results—the bags have not, so far, been a quarter of last year's.

Nearby Glenquich, which belongs to Mr. Cox, has been taken this year by Mr. and Mrs. Peschall, who have a lovely home in Leicestershire. Among their guns are Wing Commander Oakley Beuttler (well known to *Taller* readers for his drawings of the Senior Service at work—or is it play?) and his wife. Mrs. Beuttler is a particularly fine shot, a rare accomplishment for a woman.

Monees, which belongs to Mrs. Russell, has again been shot by a syndicate which included Lieut.-Colonel Fyfe-Jamieson, a beautiful shot,
(Concluded on page 330)



Four Young People Having Dinner Recently in a London Restaurant

The photographer found a brother and sister dining together at the Bagatelle. They were Miss Madeleine Ponsonby and Lieut. Gerald Ponsonby



Photographs at Bagatelle by Swaebe

At the same restaurant Miss Aileen Abel-Smith was at another table, entertained by Lord Buckhurst, elder son of Earl de la Warr

Queen Mary and Her Youngest Granddaughter

● Queen Mary, whose home is in the West Country, was photographed with Princess Alexandra, only daughter of the late Duke of Kent and the Duchess of Kent. Now seven and a half years old, Princess Alexandra is very fond of riding and already an accomplished horsewoman. She and her brother, the young Duke of Kent, like their cousins, the King's daughters, have been taking lessons at a famous riding school now evacuated to Maidenhead. Princess Alexandra was a competitor in one of the driving events at the Royal Windsor Horse Show in May, and more recently at Badminton Gymkhana she won third prize in the riding class for children under fourteen

Right: Queen Mary takes Princess Alexandra by the hand as they leave the house for an expedition in the country

Photographs by W. Dennis Moss



Princess Alexandra of Kent Ready for Her Morning Ride

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

who was having a little well-earned leave from war duties in London.

In Perthshire

FOR the first time for many years, birds were scarce even at Garrows. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter again had friends shooting with them, including Colonel the Hon. George Akers-Douglas and his wife, Major Alan Gordon,



Hay Wrightson

An Engagement

Miss Mary Hermione Fraser-Tyler, younger daughter of the late Col. Neil Fraser-Tyler, D.S.O., and Mrs. Fraser-Tyler, C.B.E., of Aldourie Castle, Inverness, is to marry Lt. Patrick John Morgan, D.S.C., R.N., only son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. C. E. Morgan



A Diplomat and His Wife in Lisbon

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Marcus Cheke are seen on the steps of their house in Lisbon, which will be remembered by many of those who have visited Portugal during the last five years. Mr. Cheke is First Secretary at the British Embassy in Lisbon, and his wife is Lord Roberough's youngest sister

Major and Mrs. Tommy Baring, the Kenneth Hunters' two daughters, Lady Torquil Monro and Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, and Mrs. Betty Kenward (only sister of the famous Kemp-Welch twins), with her son Jim. Mrs. Akers-Douglas is one of the most untiring walkers—a wonderful example to the younger generation. She is slim and tall and always most beautifully turned out in the nicest tweeds, and somehow manages to look just as fresh at the end of a long day's walking on the moors as when she started. Her younger son, Anthony, was slightly wounded in Normandy soon after D-Day, but happily he is now quite recovered.

At Kinloch and Drumour

AT Kinloch, now owned by Mr. Salveson, who bought it from Lord Devonport some years ago, there has been a small party, including Mr. Salveson's brother and Leonard Crawley, the golfer, and member of that family of first-class games players. Lord Strabolgi has been

shooting over Drumour, which belongs to Steuart-Fotheringham, owner of Murthly Castle. Here bags have also been very small.

Golden Wedding

EVEN in wartime the people of Fordoun, in Kincardineshire, could not let the event of a golden wedding go unnoticed, and especially as it was the anniversary of Sir James and Lady Caird of Glenfarquhar. Sir James and Lady Caird have done a great deal of good in the district and are a much-loved couple. David Farquharson, their gamekeeper and oldest employee, presented them with a lovely dinner service and a silver salver from employees, tenants and friends in Fordoun and the surrounding countryside. Many of these were afterwards entertained by a reception and music. Mrs. Scudamore, the Cairds' only daughter, was up from her home in the South for the celebrations, and had brought her daughter, Sylvia, a cheery schoolgirl of fourteen, with her.



Poole, Dublin

Racing at Leopardstown, Dublin

Capt. P. A. O'Reilly and Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy watched His Lordship and Distant Signal dead-heat for the Ballyogan T.Y.O. Race at Leopardstown



Father and Daughter on Holiday in Devonshire

Lord Grimthorpe and his daughter, the Hon. Clare Beckett, were photographed when they came in from riding on Dartmoor. Lord Grimthorpe has two surviving sons, the elder of whom is serving in the 9th Hussars. His youngest son, the Hon. Brian Beckett, died on active service in 1943. Lord Grimthorpe's home is Easthorpe Hall, in Yorkshire



The marriage of Lt. Lord Selsdon, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., and Miss Dorothy Greenish, eldest daughter of the late Frederick John Greenish, of Honnington Hall, Lincolnshire, and Mrs. Greenish, of 30, Rossetti Gardens Mansions, S.W., took place on August 29th. The reception was held at Reynolds, Borden, Hants, home of Colonel and Mrs. Jack Harrison

Married in Hampshire

Lt. Lord Selsdon and Miss Dorothy Greenish

Photographs by Swaebc



Sir Harry Brittain is seen here at the reception with Mrs. Greenish, mother of the bride



Here are Mrs. T. Weldon, Mrs. G. Tyler, Mrs. J. Irwin and Miss Sybil Greenish, sister of the bride



Mrs. Jack Harrison lent her house for the reception. She is seen at the front door



Lt.-Cdr. Thomas Cartwright, D.S.C., was best man. With him is Miss Helen Greenish, the bride's sister



Above: S/Ldr. Frame Thomson, Lt.-Cdr. G. Kemsley; Lt. W. B. Leith, Lt.-Cdr. W. L. Stephens, Lord and Lady Selsdon, Lt.-Cdr. T. Cartwright, Lt.-Cdr. J. R. Macdonald



Four more there were Brig. H. B. Keenleyside, Colonel G. A. Secood, Ldg/Wren G. Harrison and Capt. J. Nolan

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Now that the French gendarmerie are fighting everywhere with the F.F.I., one may recall that limerick of George du Maurier's which expresses the quintessence of the French gendarme with such utter perfection:

*Il était un Gendarme, à Nanteuil,
Qui n'avait qu'une dent et qu'un œil;
Mais cet œil solitaire
Était plein de mystère,
Cette dent, d'importance et d'orgueil.*

Whether this is a finer limerick than the one (same author) about the aged Duchess with catarrh, which ends so superbly:

Et ton thé, t'a-t-il ôté ta toux?

—we've never been able to decide. It may be technically more brilliant, but it isn't a psychological study, like the other. If you've ever had an argument with the gendarmerie in some remote spot—say in Auvergne or Béarn—you'll agree. "*Vos papiers?*" No other police we've been chased by can put such a wealth of sinister promise into it.

Cascade

MOANING about the thin chance a new playwright gets in the West End nowadays, an envious chap quoted the case of Barrie—a distinctly cock-eyed thing to do, we thought.

Apart from genius, charm, and a ferocious appetite for work, little Mr. Barrie enjoyed all his life the most astounding run of pure luck (so-called) imaginable: Greenwood, Henley, Stevenson, Robertson Nicoll boosting his earliest literary efforts to the skies: the great Irving personally placing his first three plays for him: a little later, the great Charles Frohman falling down and adoring him (with Walkley of the *Times*) and producing every single play he wrote—good, bad, or indifferent—with lavish care and expense in London and New York alike. That boy Barrie couldn't go wrong, despite his failures. A Niagara of gold and fame crashing over him nearly all his life—that was Barrie.

Also, the contemporary West End theatre in his day was controlled by sensitive men of the theatre, not by grasping

syndicates of hardfaced (and often ugly) business men. So why drag in Barrie?

Snag

By a recent agreement signed at Madrid, we note, Spanish matadors may once more give exhibition-tours in Mexico.

Like prima donnas, an aficionado once told us, ace matadors in Spain accept a contract of this kind with mixed feelings. It means big money, but on the other hand while they're away they may lose their public at home, the bullfighting public being as fickle and odious as any other. And the first time a star matador gets a cool reception, or a razz, from the home "cheap side," he realises it's time to be thinking of cutting off his *coleta*, the symbolic pigtail of his

calling. Prima donnas can generally go on making a series of farewell performances, but prima donnas are not liable to get oranges, cushions, and empty bottles buzzed at them in a crisis. Matadors are; also tenors in Italy when they fluff their stuff, though nobody cares what happens to tenors, naturally.

Footnote

It's the public which I should get the *coup de grâce*, as many bitter artists of every kind have agreed, Hazlitt for one: the heartless, yawping, ungrateful imbecile public (not you). For this reason some stout-hearted artists continually defy and abuse their public, which takes it aback and causes it to scratch itself all over very thoughtfully. E.g., our redoubtable old fellow-hack "Beachcomber" dedicated a book of his to a friend some time ago in these words:

Bevan, hired scribblers every day
Must cast their choicest pearls away,
But what a fate is yours and mine,
Who cannot even choose our swine!

Not you, of course.

System

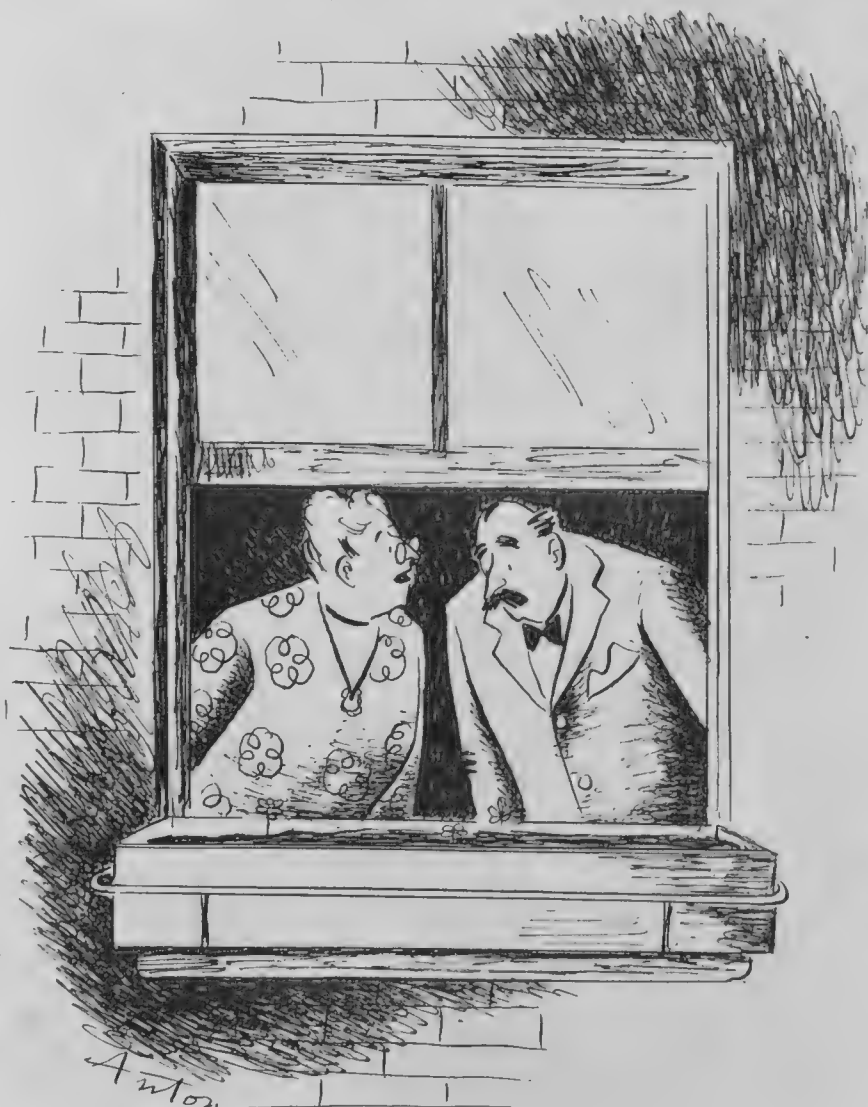
None of the tributes—still appearing—to Sir Henry Wood has so far mentioned an intimate topic on which we drew up a little thesis recently for a private luncheon-party given to this admirable musician by some of his friends, with prose and verse offerings.

Briefly, our theory was that that invariable ritual of collar-changing in the intervals on tropic summer

(Concluded on page 334)



"According to my diagnosis, Mr. Radford, your only trouble is a swollen head"



"I'm afraid of soil erosion if we grow barley again next year"



Lord Killearn and a Guest, the Maharaja of Jaipur



In Front of the British Embassy, Cairo

British Embassy in Egypt

Lord and Lady Killearn at Home in Cairo



Lady Killearn with Her Son and Daughter



The Ambassador and His Secretary, Mr. Bernard Burrows

● Popular personalities in Cairo are Lord Killearn and his charming wife, whom he married in 1934, the same year that he went to Egypt as High Commissioner. In 1936, on the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of Independence, Lord Killearn—then Sir Miles Lampson—became British Ambassador in Egypt, and since that time has made many friends there, and has done much to further and strengthen Anglo-Egyptian relations, particularly during Britain's more critical days earlier in the war. Lady Killearn, a daughter of Professor Aldo Castellani, is his second wife, and they have two small children, Victor and Jacquetta. Lord Killearn has a son and two daughters by his first marriage. He was made a Baron last year



Here is one of the comfortable sitting-rooms at the Ambassador's house at Fayoum



A keen golfer, the Ambassador is seen driving from the first tee at Gazira Sporting Club



Lord Killearn's three A.D.C.s are F/Lt. Glynn Burnand, Capt. Keith and Capt. Norman Smith

Standing By ...

(Continued)

nights at Queen's or Albert Hall was no haphazard business. We thought (and think) Sir Henry had a special valet, with a system, to attend to it.

"Two-collar night, sir."

"What's the programme, Parker?"

"Not so bad, sir. Debussy, Ravel, Bax, couple of tone-poems. Mostly fiddles, allegro sostenuto. It's a doddle, sir."

"Right."

But on other nights Parker (if that was his name) probably had a tense, worried look.

"Oh, my God, sir. Six-collar night!"

"Wagner?"

"Wagner it is, sir. That Valkyrie pickup—you'll be all over the place. What about an extra shirt, sir?"

"No, no."

"Well, what about that celluloid outfit I got you last week?"

"No, no. Six collars will do."

"My God, it's terrible. Wagner!"

Footnote

WE also have a theory about that unfortunate goldfish in the Queen's Hall fountain, very often half-boiled and surrounded by nightmare Bloomsbury faces. Keith Prowse, its name was. We're writing its life-story at the moment for Our Dumb Chums' League.

Faëry

IF you didn't grab a lobster from that recent record haul (vide Press) from the Hebrides, it was probably because you don't know the right people. Or maybe because a lot of those lobsters were faëry.

In the Hebrides it's generally a seal-woman who gets mixed up with one's ancestry, leading to long, crooned laments; but anything can happen in those enchanted seas (such as, if you remember *Mary Rose*, a gillie named Cameron quoting Euripides). A Hebridean lobster suddenly addressing a fisherman would seem nothing out of place. It would doubtless be an irritable remark.

"Tam and plast you whateffer, what for would you be dragging me into your pluttly little poat?"

"It is a fery nice little poat whateffer!"

"It will not be fery nice if I should be putting on you the Curse of Plack Tonnchadh MacGillfhaolain!"

A typical Hebridean situation, no doubt, resolved we know not how. That over-quoted lobster Gérard de Nerval led round the Paris boulevards on a blue silk ribbon, though a French lobster, was apparently resigned and mild. "It does not bark, and it knows all the secrets of the deep," explained the poet. Slightly crackers at the time, was M. de Nerval. But who isn't?

Contretemps

EVERY time a fairy sneezes a new bluebell is born (this seems to be Scots Whimsy, Week with

us). The connection between this and the fact that the streamlined L.M.S. express engine *Silver Fox* daintily jumped the rails outside London the other day, without much damage, is probably obvious to all romantic railway directors.

The *Silver Fox* was probably a bit "fey" at the time, and playing up to its absurd name. George Stephenson kept a sharp eye on the *Rocket* for that reason. He thought "*Rocket*" a damn silly name anyway (we guess) but endured it to please charming Fanny Kemble, his love. How like a little actress to give an engine a name like that! Probably Miss Kemble butted him archly in the stomach just as old sobersides Stephenson, like a decent engineer, was choosing a name like "243" or "*Loco A*." We dare aver that she then shook her curls, gave a tinkling laugh, and suggested the following:

Wuffer.

Mrs. Dickery Dock.

Smokey-Woke.

Peter Puff-Puff.

Chuggins.

Whooshy.

If Stephenson didn't tap that charming noggin gently with a No. 8 spanner, he was not the man we take him for.

Memory

RECOLLECTING that the late Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, while entering Delhi on an elephant as Viceroy in 1912, was wounded by a native agitator's bomb, Auntie *Times* didn't say whether the elephant got the agitator in due course, as he probably did. Women and elephants (Old Saying) never forget an injury.

What helps elephants' memories is undoubtedly the fact that they sleep very



"Why should I think of posterity? What's posterity ever done for me?"

little and spend most of the night in long grumbling soliloquy, as Kipling somewhere reports. They can thus work out their revenge in detail. Women equally, of course. Chaps who know women say that all that frothy chatter about this hat, that frock, eighteen-and-six a yard, my dear, flared at the side, an absolute bargain, sheer silk, and so forth masks cold and concentrated planning of a terrible kind. There's a lady in the *Newgate Calendar* (hanged) who designed a clever pair of false arms, enabling her to snitch fans and purses in church and silk from shops, but that wasn't her real ambition; she was aiming for years to cut the throat of another lady in the racket who had stolen her love's affection, and she eventually did. Elephants are equally dangerous, they say, yet also capable (like women) of curious affection.

Nemesis

WE know a chap who injured a frightful woman J.P., very slightly, at a teaparty in 1925. It took her nineteen years to make his bicycle-lamp go out suddenly one night last February, and if the magistrates' clerk hadn't hastily intervened that chap would be sewing mailbags for life at this moment. As it was her "Five shillings—and costs!" made even the reporters shiver.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"This must be the place where Enid Simpson made her unsuccessful proposal to Major Barrington"

Off-Duty Hours

Anne Crawford Takes a Day
Off from Gainsborough Studios

● Anne Crawford was born in 1920 in Palestine, where her father was Paymaster of Palestine Railways. She started acting with the York Repertory Company, and while there was discovered by Irene Howard, sister of the famous film-star. Her first screen appearance was in *They Flew Alone*, and a contract with Warner Brothers resulted. Anne Crawford is now with Gainsborough Films. She appeared opposite Eric Portman in *Millions Like Us*, and her latest film, *2,000 Women*, will be seen shortly. At the moment she is working on *They Were Sisters*, in which she shares the title-roles with Phyllis Calvert and Dulcie Gray

*Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



At Breakfast, Anne Reads Her Fan-Mail



*Anne finds the lily pond too chilly
for a dip even on a hot day*



*Model railways are her hobby.
She has a fascinating collection*



Little Sodbury Manor, Gloucestershire

A Convalescent Home for the Forces in Gloucestershire

● For the last four years Little Sodbury Manor, Chipping Sodbury, home of Baron de Tuyll, has been used as a convalescent home for members of the Forces. Mrs. Cleaver, wife of Col. Douglas Cleaver, of Tormarton, Badminton, is the Commandant, and most of her staff have been with her since the beginning. At present there are some thirty patients recovering from their wounds in these comfortable and beautiful surroundings, and recently several hundred men from Normandy and Northern Italy have passed through the home

Photographs by Swaebe



Lady Codrington and Quarter-Master Miss E. Read are seen with their ambulance and some of the wounded men



Tea is a cheerful meal for this group of convalescents, with Nurse Sweatman in charge



A Group of Convalescent Patients with Their Nurses and the Staff

Sitting in front: Mrs. David Crichton, Lady Codrington, Miss B. Eardley, Matron (who has left for another hospital), Miss Baker, the new Matron, Q.-M. Miss E. Read, Mrs. Nigel Campbell and Miss Constance Stanley



Mrs. D. W. Cleaver, the Commandant



The Commandant and Her Staff at Tea



David Crichton, Mrs. Cleaver's
husband, is one of the cooks. Her husband,
David Crichton, eldest son of Lt.-Col.
Sir George and Lady Mary
is in the Derbyshire Yeomanry

Another kitchen worker, who, like her
colleagues, has been there four years, is
Miss Constance Stanley, only daughter of
Col. the Hon. Algernon and Lady
Mary Stanley, and niece of Lord Derby

Lady Kathleen Elliot has also proved
herself an excellent cook. She is the
younger daughter of the sixth Earl of
St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Douglas,
and a niece of the Duke of Beaufort

A Famous British Sculptor: Mr. Henry Moore

● These pictures show Mr. Henry Moore at work in his studio in Hertfordshire. The statue on which he is working was donated by Canon Hussey to the Church of St. Mathew at Northampton, and dedicated by the Bishop of Peterborough. Sir Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery and Surveyor of the King's Pictures, in whose opinion Henry Moore is the greatest living sculptor, performed the unveiling ceremony. A Yorkshireman, born at Castleford in 1898, Henry Moore began his art studies at Leeds School of Art after being demobilised in 1918. Two years later he came to London to complete his training, but it was in the British and Natural History Museums, rather than in the schools, that he gained an insight into the real nature and latent possibilities of the art of sculpture. He has exhibited in London, Paris, Venice, Stockholm, Zurich, Amsterdam, Hollywood and New York, and examples of his work are to be seen in London at the Tate Gallery, of which he is a Trustee, as well as in New York, Manchester, Leeds and Wakefield art galleries.

*Photographs by
Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*





County Cricket at Horsham: Northamptonshire v. Sussex

The Northamptonshire XI. made 207 for eight wickets before declaring, in the first County cricket match played south of the Thames since the outbreak of war. Sitting: J. E. Timms, Hon. L. R. White, J. Webster, P. E. Murray-Willis (captain), R. Partridge, F. T. Badcock. Standing: W. Fulwood, C. W. Couch, J. A. R. Oliver, J. S. Brown, E. A. H. Bergquist



D. R. Stuart

Sussex won the toss and sent the visitors in to bat. Unfortunately, the game had to be abandoned owing to unforeseen circumstances. On ground: P. E. Godsmark, G. H. Doggart. Sitting: R. Heaver, J. Langridge, J. H. Parks, A. K. Wilson (captain); Sir Home Gordon (president of Sussex C.C.C.), John Langridge. Standing: Killick (umpire), G. Pearce, J. Nye, E. E. Harrison, J. A. Dew, Bates (umpire)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"The Warwickshire Lads"

ONE of the most distinguished of them is at this very moment leading some more of them back to the very spot upon which they were raised in 1674—Holland—and, as events are moving far too fast for any pen to keep up with them, it will not be surprising "Monty" and they are there before the printer's ink is dry on this page! (Since this was written, the advance guard of the British Second Army has crossed the Dutch frontier.) The new F.M. is not given to letting the grass grow under his feet. The Warwickshires' Regimental badge is an antelope! The fine Regiment to which this recent honour has accrued served for eleven years under the Dutch before its enrolment as a unit of the British Army, and it was originally composed of adventurous Britons who, on finding insufficient scope for their ardent courage in England, placed their services at the disposal of the Dutch Government, then engaged in a tooth-and-claw struggle

for civil and religious freedom against the ambitious Louis Quatorze. The Warwickshire men came over to England with William of Orange and fought under him at the Boyne, the battle which witnessed the complete discomfiture of the undesirable James II.; surely the worst of the Stuarts, the rest of whom were never accused of a lack of courage. I opine that there may be an especially warm welcome awaiting "The Saucy Sixth" when they arrive in the land with which so much of their glorious fighting record is connected. Finally, congratulations on the Bar to his D.S.O. from an old friend to Kington's fighting Admiral. Sir Walter Cowan used to be joint-secretary of the Warwickshire Hunt, and no one went more boldly.

St. Valery and Calais

WHILST it was very right and proper that the 51st Highland Division should be the first troops to re-enter St. Valery on its

recent recapture, since their gallant predecessors stood at bay in this place during the disastrous days of 1940, I hope and expect that it will be considered equally fitting that representatives of the three regiments, a very weak brigade, who sacrificed themselves to the last man at Calais in the same period of the war, should be the first to reoccupy that town. The regiments concerned were the Rifle Brigade, the 60th Rifles and the Queen Victoria Rifles. They died almost to a man, and most of the very few survivors were wounded. Of the disgraceful conduct of their German captors, both on the march and before it, the record has already been published, and it constitutes yet one more heavy score which must be paid in full by the nation which we have now got by the throat. The Commander of this valiant handful, which 'stood up to something' quite ten times its own weight, was Brigadier Claude Nicholson. He died in a German prisoner-of-war camp in June 1943. The self-sacrifice of these troops made the evacuation from Dunkirk possible, and the memory of their deeds will live for ever in the annals of the British Army. At a special commemoration service in St. Paul's on July 7th, 1943, the Lesson was read by the Archdeacon of London, and closed on the valiant words of Judas Maccabæus, "God forbid that I should do this thing and flee away from them: if our time be come, let us die manfully for our brethren and let us not stain our honour."

(Concluded on page 340)



The Women's National Golf Tournament at Royal Mid-Surrey

Many of those competing in the tournament are members of the Forces, and one of them, Miss Jean Bruce arrived in her A.T.S. uniform, carrying her clubs

Miss K. Garnham, who was for several years Essex champion, greeted Miss Wanda Morgan when she arrived on the course. Miss Morgan has twice won the scratch prize in this tournament

Miss Maureen Ruttle, seen holding the trophy, was this year's winner of the Women's National Golf Tournament, held on the Royal Mid-Surrey Club's course

Pictures in the Fire

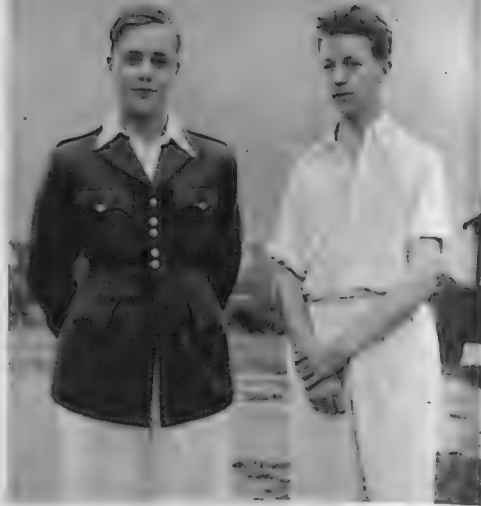
(Continued)

Just Before

CAN we, and perhaps we ought to say dare we, believe that any of these last-minute-before-the-Leger happenings have made that race a stone-cold certainty for any particular one of the actors who have been appearing in the various curtain-raisers? It was certain that after he won the 1½-mile Whelpstead Stakes at Newmarket on August 30th Tehran's price would shorten. It contracted from 5-1 to 9-2 (present price, 4-1); Borealis, whom

What is the Verdict?

WHAT is the right verdict on all this? For myself, I remain faithful to the beautiful lady of my choice, Hycilla, because I believe that her Oaks gallop is the best we have seen. Tehran? I simply do not know. All that I believe is that, if either Borealis or Fair Glint had had any dash of foot, they must have beaten him, for he apparently has none. Ocean Swell? The Derby form being so intangible, again I suggest that neither you nor I can be any the wiser. On his blood he ought to like a distance of ground, and he may have that little turn of speed that Tehran lacks. Borealis? I am certain that we did not see the best of him in this Whelpstead Stakes. He may be just as fond of the easy life as Tehran or Fair



D. R. Stuart

Two Cricketers

Hubert Doggart, now in the Coldstream Guards, captained Winchester's XI. in 1943, and won the Public Schools' Rackets Championship that year. The Hon. Luke White, Lord Annaly's son, was in this year's Eton XI., and recently made 77 when batting for the first time for Middlesex, against Surrey

Insomnia

ONCE upon a time there was a seafaring man who, having come into a little independence, retired, as is the wont of the mariner, to a country cottage far from noise. He then found that, having been compelled to tumble out at 4 a.m. during his career on the ocean, he couldn't sleep after that hour. So what did he do? He hired an old shipmate to climb on to the roof every morning at 4 a.m. and shout down the skylight, "Roust out, Bill; mate says tide's a-makin'." The mariner then replied, "Tell the mate to go to 'ell!" He then found that he could go on sleeping without any difficulty. When in the blackness of the night a ship's propellers suddenly stop, no matter from what cause, it is an established nautical fact that everyone, excepting the watch, wakes up with a jolt. I do not know whether there is any medical explanation either of this fact or of why that ancient mariner went fast asleep again the moment he was told the mate desired him to turn out. The same thing occurs, as some may know, when hounds stop singing of a night time, whereas the howling of a single dog may completely banish slumber. By all this reasoning, there ought perhaps to be numerous sufferers from insomnia by reason of the cessation of divers night-noises, the obnoxious chorus of the sirens amongst them. Incidentally, if these sounds were copied from the songs of the ladies who tried to lure Ulysses to a watery grave, how wise he was to stuff his own and his companions' ears with wax.

ST LEGER LIGHTS—

WALTER EARL HAS VISIONS OF THE AURORA—BOREALIS



Newmarket's Big Five for the "Sellinger": by "The Tout"

Absence of any real smasher among this season's 'classic horses makes next Saturday's race for the St. Leger, from the public point of view, much more interesting. Despite difficulties of present-day travel, a big crowd (many of whom will be also attending Tattersalls' Yearling Sales the same week) is sure to assemble on the July Course. Happy Landing, formerly trained by Jelliss at Newmarket, is now in Capt. Percy Whitaker's stable. Hycilla has made good progress since winning the Oaks for Mr. Bill Woodward, and the Derby winner, Ocean Swell, has also been going well, but at the time of writing (or, rather, drawing), says "The Tout," the pick of the Newmarket bunch seems to me to be Tehran. Borealis has (according to his trainer, who should know) a big chance of adding another St. Leger to Lord Derby's account

he beat a length, was listed at 11-2 instead of 13-2 (present price, 5-1); and Fair Glint, a good third, shortened from 40-1 to 33-1 (present price, 25-1). Non-runner Ocean Swell was quoted at 6-1 against a previous 7-1, and Hycilla at 100-15 against 8-1 (present price both of these, 6-1); they put Rockefeller back to 28-1, not quite so bad as the 50-1 to which he was once consigned (present price, 20-1). They banished Happy Landing to the 50-1 mark against his previous 18-1, and I think this was an automatic sequence to his inglorious display in that two-mile race, for which seemed difficult to understand. His present price is 40-1.

Glint—and, incidentally, how about this last-named? If anyone likes a long shot each way, there are many worse wagers. I have always believed that he is good, but he is just about a hand too small. The best advice I can give about what to back to follow Hycilla home is this: Borealis and Ocean Swell, provided the tactics pursued with the latter are what I believe to be the right ones. I should not wait with him if I had the ride. I am not yet persuaded that Tehran is all that he has been cracked up to be, and his latest success did nothing, so far as I was concerned, to induce any change of view. The race is obviously a very open one.



Poole, Dublin

Irish Racing Men

Mr. J. C. Osborne, the Irish Turf Club's handicapper for flat racing, and Sir James Nelson, a well-known Irish owner and breeder, were photographed at Leopardstown Races, Dublin

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Officers of an R.A.F. Training Wing in Scotland

Front row: F/Lts. A. T. Hanson, H. L. Wilsdon, W/Cdr. A. McCrea Wilson, O.B.E., S/Ldr. F. A. Barnard, F/Lt. J. McCreesh. Back row: F/O.s C. Millward, L. L. Bernon, S. Frith, F/Lt. J. J. Lydd, F/O.s D. Forsythe, D. G. M. Miller



D. R. Stuart

Officers at an R.A.F. Station in North Britain

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Officers of the Royal Tank Regiment



Officers of an I.T.C. in the South of England

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With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Back to Paris

A. J. LIEBLING, of the *New Yorker*, grew up and made his name, which cuts a good deal of ice, without expecting to be a war correspondent. But—

—let a man cover one little war and he is a war correspondent. I belong to the one-war category. I have made no appearance for Mr. Colston Leigh, the lecture agent, either in a gas-mask or out of one, and I have no fascinating reminiscences about Addis Ababa or the Cliveden set. Prior to 1938 . . . I was writing excellent pieces about sea-lion trainers and cigar-store proprietors for the *New Yorker*, and I was happy.

Hitler seemed to me revolting but unimportant, like old Gómez, the dictator of Venezuela. I habitually compared him in conversation to a boor who tortured his own family because he could not cope with the outside world, a classic German type. It never occurred to me that he might destroy France, because it would have been as hard for me to prefigure a world without France as survival with one lobe of my brain gone. France represented for me the continuity of intelligence and reasonable living. When this continuity is broken, nothing anywhere can have any meaning until it is re-established. After the Munich settlement I began to be anxious.

Mr. Liebling, through will power plus a stroke of luck, got the *New Yorker* to send him to France in October of 1939, in particular to write a "Profile" of General Gamelin, and in general to cover ordinary French people's reactions to war. His book, a collection of the pieces he sent back weekly, had excellent notices in America, and has now been published at our side by Michael Joseph, at 12s. 6d. It bears what, even at the time when it went to press in England, was still a prophetic title—*The Road Back to Paris*.

What was prophetic has become topical. Fate—for the most intelligent publisher could not be so far-seeing—timed the appearance of *The Road Back to Paris* for the very week of the city's glorious liberation. The faith asserted on each one of Mr. Liebling's pages has been justified. This faith, it should be remembered, ran counter to much of the feeling of 1940. Now, Anglo-Saxons who "of course, always believed in France," are comfortably many. Mr. Liebling's Paris articles would still be excellent had they been written in 1944, as reminiscences of 1940 coloured by what has happened since. Actually, however, they gain much by having been written in 1940: they were contemporary with the events they pictured. They were written from painfully close up, by an American whose cast of mind and temperament made him, you might say, one of nature's Frenchmen, and who felt more closely engaged in the fate of France than, perhaps, he had ever felt in his own. . . . The defeat of France, four summers ago, was followed, in America and this country, by a crop of post-mortem literature not untainted by smugness. Such books now are

thoroughly out of date. Mr. Liebling's articles, on the other hand, stand up well, and seem as fresh as the daisies.

He is one of those witty *New Yorker* misanthropes; inclined, by his own showing, prior to 1938, to prefer performing sea-lions to human beings, or at least, to make little distinction between the two. He is a *bon viveur*, a good-natured cynic, an easy-going realist—in fact, France of 1939 had few weaknesses that he did not share. In no position to moralise, he did not do so. His rapid, flexible, packed style, and his almost aggressively disabused manner, may not appeal to all British readers. But his is a style that, in a curious way, magnifies and dignifies with its subject: by the end, it does not seem inappropriate to accounts of battles. Any original flippancy soon flakes off: *The Road Back to Paris* is, also, the road travelled by a cynic learning to honour human nature.

Three Phases

THE book is divided into three "books," or parts—"The World Knocked Down," "The World on One Knee," and "The World Gets Up." The first, the French part, ends with Mr. Liebling's crossing the Spanish frontier, en route for America, after Pétain's capitulation. In the second we have late summer and autumn America, with those fateful election results (an America that, to the man haunted by the fall of France, cannot but seem immature, ignorant, almost ghostly), and summer London of 1941. And this part closes with a stirring account of his return to New York in a tanker with a Norwegian crew. The third part opens in 1942 London: "London had changed more than New York since our entry into the war. It



D. R. Stuart

Lt. Neville A. D. Wallis, F.R.S.A., a member of the select Maximilian Society, is serving as an Intelligence Officer in A.A. Command. His essays have been published in numerous periodicals in England and Scotland, and his sketches have adorned the walls of the Scottish Academy and the permanent Collections of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Mr. Wallis is the son of the late A. F. Wallis, the novelist

was full of Americans now, and one attracted about as much attention as an extra clam at a shore dinner. I felt like an until-recently only child whose mother has just given birth to quintuplets." North Africa, where Mr. Liebling was with the American forces, occupies, however, most of the third part: we leave him, and the book ends, after a battle. This has been a victory: the turning-point, the turn of the loop, is reached. "I knew deep down inside me after that, that the road back to Paris was clear."

Readers to-day will, of course, regret that we do not see the road further travelled: in view of its promising title, the book seems to end too early. *The Road Back to Paris* demands, and will no doubt have, a successor. As it stands, it is the book of a man who has unique background for his quick observations, and who can pile up minutiae with an unflinching feeling for the direction in which they point. He studies private and public characters with the same acumen: Paris civilians and American soldiers known, so far as I know, only to Mr. Liebling, play their parts unforgettably in *The Road Back to Paris*. And we have an odd, fresh angle on notabilities. He followed the French Government from Paris to Tours, from Tours to Bordeaux. Here is the first of several "shots" of General de Gaulle—the time being the terrible days at Tours:

Biddle, who saw de Gaulle often in those days, remembers him as a gaunt watchdog in Reynaud's ante-room, sitting with his long legs stretched

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

"GEMMY this!"
"Gemmy that!"
"Gemmy 'nother!"

By Richard King

with it without physical harm. Poor Freedom—what licence is committed

in thy name!

At length the peroxide barmaid at the local rose in her over-tired wrath, like an angry swan disturbed in her mothercraft. "It's been gemmy this, gemmy that, with you all the ruddy evening," she said. "Our boys want a drink just as much as you." "'Oo the 'ell do yer think yere talking to?" demanded the American soldier truculently. "I can pay for me booze, can't I?" "You can pay all right," answered the barmaid with what she hoped was a withering, double meaning. "But," she added haughtily, "you'll wait your turn in future. And"—the climax coming with the rapidity of a doodle-bomb cutting-out—"if I have any more rudeness from you, that's the last drink you'll have and—and you've had it!"

For a moment I thought: "This is where the Allies part company!" The Yank was at her mercy and, perhaps, he knew it. Nevertheless, he shouted back, "Rude, am I? rude? Well, this is a free country, ain't it?"

By which remark, or so it seemed to me, he summarised Freedom as a lot of human minds interpret it. Freedom to shirk and swindle; freedom to push and shove; freedom to make life hell for others; freedom to trample down the weaker ones; freedom to scream for their "rights," but ignore their duties; freedom at all times to do what they bloody well like so long as they can get away

I sometimes wonder if any of the various "isms" by which politicians and progressive busybodies expect to build a happier world will ever succeed in doing so unless, the one triumphant is inspired by the Christian spirit of chivalry towards all; even those whose votes in the aggregate mean nothing. And by this I mean Christianity which is a workaday philosophy rather than a spiritual conviction. Without it the human world wilts and no Report put into practice or Revolution bloodily fulfilled will ever make a happier world, nor one more inspired by human justice. The trouble is that as a philosophy, reflected in human conduct, it is such a simple, straightforward thing that there is nothing to argue about in it, and even less to fight and, if necessary, to die for. So that, although we instinctively pay homage to it when we meet it, we never find it leading a triumphant procession. Except among the utterly base and bestial, we recognise it first of all in our hearts and only latterly in our minds. Yet, unless it become the sole inspiration of all politics, science, art, literature, music and that culture which is the only enduring end of progress, the world will, more than ever, be a sorer place to be born into. It takes a noble mind to live and yet allow others to live. It is much easier to push and shove, crying, "Well, this is a free country, ain't it?"

(Concluded on page 350)



Fouled Anchor: By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Here we have a battleship riding to its starboard anchor. The port anchor, on being weighed, has somehow fouled the P.V. (Paravane) chains, which are rove through a hole at the foot of the ship's stem, as far under water as possible. The paravanes are attached to these chains when at sea; they ride out to port and starboard, and any moored mines fouling the wire connecting the P.V. chain to the paravane are run along it by the ship's way to the paravane, to which is attached a cutting device; this cuts the mine adrift, but well out of the way of the ship. The fluke of the port anchor has gone right through the stem of the ship and also fouled the starboard anchor cable. Members of the crew are straining every nerve to clear the anchor—sawing through the P.V.s with long saws, melting a link with a blow-lamp, attacking the anchor cable with an axe, burning with a candle the hawser which hauls up the anchor cable. While the C.P.O. is busy washing the mud off the anchor cable with a hose (business as usual), the motto of the A.B.s in the boats is "Don't forget the Diver"



Officers and Men of an R.A.F. Station H.Q. in the North

D. R. Stuart

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Front row : S/Ldr. J. McIntosh, S/Ldr. P. G. Ottewill, W/Cdr. P. R. Burton Gyles, D.S.O., D.F.C., W/Cdr. I. E. Chalmers Watson, A.F.C., S/Ldr. M. T. Haseler, F/Lt. J. A. Plagis, D.F.C., S/Ldr. I. C. B. Pearce. Back row : Rev. M. O'Brien, S/O. U. M. Eaden, F/Lt. H. R. C. Poulton, D.F.C., Major A. Bain, M.C., F/Lts. L. L. S. Rushworth, C. A. Nendick, A. Hutcheson, A. E. Browne, S/Ldr. F. W. Davison, S/O. D. Gunn, F/Lt. A. S. Cackett

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Luftwaffe's Last Lap

WHEN General Eisenhower, at the end of August, announced that the German Air Force had lost 2378 aircraft in the air and 1167 on the ground between June 6th and August 25th, he implied that enemy air power was almost extinct. Some believe that the Luftwaffe will rise and fight again when the Allies are on the frontiers of Germany. Some believe that its career is already ended. If it does not rise and fight again, it will have failed to live up to the traditions set it by the old original German Air Force of the 1914-18 period. Then there was no question of whether it would fight or not. It did fight to the last. Herman Goering was then a fighter pilot, and he proved that beneath that impressive paunch there lurked guts as well as gas. More recently we may suspect that gas predominates. Goering may have been able to inspire a hard-pressed squadron long ago; now he cannot inspire an Air Force.

Sometimes, however, one sees signs which indicate that there may be some fight left in the German Air Force. I am told that captured German pilots show the most vigorous resentment when it is suggested to them that

the flying bombs were introduced because the morale of German air crews was no longer high enough to enable them to make attacks upon London. But the general picture is one of gradually fading power. Perhaps by the time these notes appear we shall know if the German Air Force is ever again to make a really big effort.

Civil Conversion

As Allied successes increase, so larger numbers of officers, non-commissioned officers and airmen in the Royal Air Force turn their attention to the prospects of employment in civil aviation. I happen to know that one of the most important bodies that look after civil airmen's (I use the word "airmen" here in the wider sense) interests is planning to offer special help to all these people.

Civil flying requires a different outlook from Service flying, and therefore some kind of conversion is usually necessary. The "B" Licence technical examination is fairly comprehensive and demands that the applicant shall know the aircraft he proposes to fly for hire or reward fairly intimately. How this conversion problem will be solved I do not yet see, because it will

be almost impossible for Service pilots to gain experience on civil types unless they are given facilities by British Overseas Airways or some other civil air line company.

One of the hopeful features of civil flying as it will be in the future is that it is likely to cover several new fields, all of them offering useful and interesting jobs for competent air-crew members. Agriculture is almost certain to make greater use of aircraft. A research was done recently into the use of slips cut from potatoes as seed potatoes. The saving in weight is very marked, and the consequence is that air transport will be able to come into the picture when we desire to send seed potatoes to the Colonies. In fact, the research was partly undertaken with this aim in view.

Then there is air-sea rescue. The old, heroic lifeboat crew will no doubt continue to perform around our coasts in rough weather; but it will assuredly be supplemented by an air-sea rescue organisation. The airborne lifeboat, for one thing, is a device which will find as important applications in peace as in war.

And, as I mentioned the other day, I am still awaiting the Government statement that plans for the re-mapping of England by aerial photography are under way. Without such plans, the plans for rebuilding and reconstructing are futile. We do not know what England looks like to-day, for war damage and war construction have completely altered its face and no map gives the changes. An up-to-date map is the first thing, and it would be useful if those who talk of planning were always asked at the outset what maps they are relying upon for their information and what maps they expect to use for putting their schemes into practice.

Public Demand

ONE of the big air transport problems after the war will be concerned with the public demand. There ought to be a scientific investigation of the market. In the film world there does not seem to be any such thing. I find that news cinemas, for instance, repeatedly put before me the same dreary fill-ups.

It seems, therefore, that the cinema is big enough and rich enough and powerful enough to ignore its customers and to give them what it thinks they ought to want. But that is not the case with aviation. There some attempt is needed to meet public demand and to fulfil public wishes. And even if aviation were big enough to ignore public wishes like the cinema industry, I do not think it ought to do so. Aviation ought to try to minister to the public and to give it something that amuses it and entertains it and interests it.

If there were many competing cinema theatres there would be possible a public reaction to the bad ones. But, as it is, no such directional reaction can be registered. If you do not like the show at one cinema, the only thing you can do about it is to go to another cinema—where the same show will be on. Let us beware that aviation does not fall into the same despicable condition. Let us make sure that there is always room for the competition which enables the public taste and public wishes to exert their salutary influence.



A Royal Air Force Cricket XI.

T. A. Bacon

This XI. had only lost one of the twenty matches which it had played up to the time of being photographed. Sitting: Cpl. Douglas, S/Ldr. Walliker, Mr. Lamb, G/Capt. Adams, O.B.E., F/Lt. Hartley, W. O. Yakes, S/Ldr. Griffiths. Standing: L.A.C. Danby, F/Sgt. Lewis, D.F.M., Cpl. Atkins, F/Lt. Strange, D.F.M., Major Trubshawe, F/Sgt. Mathews, F/O. Long, Cpl. Uglove



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Stories from Everywhere

WHEN called on for an after-dinner speech, Francis Meynell, founder of the Nonesuch Press, told this story:

In the time of Nero, sport-loving Romans crowded the Colosseum to see Christians tossed to the lions. For one victim who had given the authorities untold trouble, Nero had eleven of his most ferocious lions starved for a week.

When the first lion made a beeline for the Christian, the spectators wetted their lips. But the Christian calmly bent down and whispered in the beast's ear. His tail between his legs, the lion slunk out of the arena. Six more half-starved kings of the forest followed the same performance, and the crowd started hollering for its money back. Then Nero summoned the Christian and said: "If you will tell me how you make those lions act that way, I will grant you a full pardon."

"It's very simple," explained the Christian. "I whisper in their ears: 'Remember, you'll be expected to say a few words after dinner!'"

"I've never played on such a course as this in my life," said the irate golfer.

"You left the course twenty minutes ago, sir," replied the caddie with a grin. "You're in Mr. Smith's rock garden now."

IN the club a group of men were sitting, one of them an actor who had recently scored a great success. He had knocked around the stage for years and years without getting anywhere when the big break finally arrived. And, as a result, his head had grown to abnormal proportions.

"I'm terrific," he assured them seriously. "The entire nation is conscious of me now. Why, a tobacco concern had me down this afternoon and named a cigar after me."

"Wonderful!" yawned one of the group. "And for their sake, I certainly hope it will draw better than you did for some years!"

TWO lions who worked in a circus were getting a little tired of doing the same act night after night. One said to the other: "You know that part of the act where the trainer puts his head in my open mouth; well, I'm going to bite it off at this evening's performance."

At the evening performance the crucial moment arrived, and instead of biting, the lion went through the show as usual. Afterwards his companion said: "I thought you were going to bite his head off." The other answered: "I couldn't. He'd been eating onions—you know I can't stand the smell!"

"CRITIC" in *The New Statesman* tells the following two stories:—

A farmer in a remote corner of Southern England said: "I'm sure an all good faither. I gets on well. I like these Americans over here, but I somehow can't get along at all with the white fellows they've got along with them."

An Englishman, seeing a cheerful American, asked: "Why do you Americans all look so cheerful?"

The American replied: "Well, you see, we go back to the United States after this show. You have to stay on here."



Swache

David O'Brien and Angela Glynne, the two young players in "Tomorrow the World" at the Aldwych Theatre, were lucky enough to have the personal congratulations of Noel Coward after their first night in London. Mr. Coward has just returned from his long tour of the Middle East, India and Burma. He watched the performance from the stalls, accompanied by Mrs. Gladys Calthrop

"No, I don't," and fell back on his pillow and died.

PETER was taken to his first harvest festival. Among the offerings of fruit and flowers, the bunches of purple grapes on the pulpit took his fancy.

When the offertory box came round he put in sixpence and said confidently, "Grapes, please."

eugène



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WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

out before him and his nose and the visor of his kepi, nearly parallel, pointed at a spot on the floor just in advance of his right big toe. Whenever the advocates of surrender left Reynaud for a minute, de Gaulle would squeeze in and insist that now was the moment to begin a massed assault with the remaining French tanks. Reynaud cried at one point: "De Gaulle has the character of a stubborn pig, but he *has* character." It was more than he could say for the others around him. De Gaulle, in London a year later, told me he still thought of Reynaud with respect. "He was like a man who knows he must swim a river," de Gaulle said, "and who sees the other bank clear. But he was not strong enough to reach it."

I understand that *The Road Back to Paris* has been criticized, here and there, as being unfavourable to the British. It struck me, chiefly, that Mr. Liebling, not being deeply interested in us (every one, after all, has their blind spots), is a shade conventional in his judgments. There is a certain naïveté in his London chapters. I felt that his views of this country had been formed in advance from comic drawings, and that, preoccupied, he lacked the time to revise them.

Two Countries

THE dominating characters in Lovat Dickson's fine novel, *Out of the West Land* (Collins; 10s. 6d.) are not people but countries—Canada and England. To the interplay between these two the purely human plot seems subsidiary—though Mr. Lovat Dickson has kept nationality as a strong factor in the make-up of his men and women. Alternately, he shows Canada through English, and England through Canadian, eyes; at the same time he presents, with felicity, the unconscious as well as the conscious relation of Canadians, to their own land. For this last, above all, he could not be better fitted, having a deep poetic feeling for landscapes and for their atmospheres, as well as a novelist's eye for social scenes. His Englishman's England seemed less deeply felt; it lacked the vitality of the Canadian passages. Perhaps, however, this may be because the English part of the novel confines itself to the ultra-conventional circles into which the Canadian heroine marries.

Here is a thing one salutes: an ambitious novel. We have had more than enough, in the fiction world, of quick returns and easy successes. Mr. Lovat Dickson has tackled a major theme—a Tolstoi subject. And he has built up his plot in something of the Tolstoi manner; by the use of changing, contrasting scenes, and by the tracing not only of the outward adventures, but of the inner pilgrimages of his characters. His heroine, Elaine MacTaviot, has something of Natascha Rostov's delicacy, and, like Natascha, wrecks her own youthful happiness by an infidelity for which there are many reasons. Mr. Lovat Dickson states a psychological truth more clear, hitherto, to the Russians than to ourselves—that men and women stagger and sometimes fail beneath the burden of a too great emotion. (George Meredith did, actually, make this plain in his *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.) Natascha's infidelity seems the more sympathetic because it was unworlly—she was prepared to abandon the great Prince Andrew for a penniless young cavalry officer. Elaine's has an *apparently* worldly base: she throws over penniless, wandering Richard Danvers for well-to-do, impeccable Ralph Harriman, with his assured position and stately English home. Her true reasons are, however, subtly brought out.

Strangers

RICHARD and Ralph are both Englishmen; both have come to Canada, both meet Elaine there. Beyond this, their circumstances and characters could not be more unlike. Nineteen-year-old Richard is the eldest son of a hopeless, somewhat pretentious father: he arrives in Canada practically penniless, to make his own way under all the disadvantages (soon realized) of being an Englishman. Canada is to knock much of the nonsense out of him, is to shape him surely, roughly but not unkindly. Ralph Harriman's arrival is of the most lordly: he is armed not only with all the right introductions, but with the invincible superiority of the thirty-eight-year-old young man from the Foreign Office. What Canada thinks of Ralph does not (at least, in his estimation) matter: every cold wind is kept from this unshorn lamb; his attitude is bored, patronizingly amused. Or rather, this prevails

until he meets Elaine. Things even up, however, after the marriage, when Ralph has to face the fact that his wife does not love him.

The scene of the main part of the novel is Alberta where Elaine's father, coming from Nova Scotia, has built up a fortune and an idyllic home. Richard first as a miner, then as a student working his way through the University of Alberta (which Elaine also attends) crosses the MacTavio's path. Richard's adventures and wanderings, in Ottawa, Montreal and Alberta, and the evolution of his character through these are, I think, the finest part of the novel. Sure and well, however, are drawn the scenes at Acadia (which should have been called Arcadia!)—the sled drives, Elaine's circle of student friends, her father's contemporaries, the doctor and the professor. Young people in a young country—could there be a happier picture? At the same time, the astringent, vigorous character of this life's background is well suggested. *Out of the West Land* begins in the nineteen-thirties and ends in wartime London. It is a novel that remains in the memory—for even below its few conventional scenes is a strong undertow of unconventional feeling, and its large scale and variety of incident make it stand out.

Surgeon

GEORGE SAVA's *Surgeon's Symphony* (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.) will be welcomed: his powers as a writer and the richness of his fund of experience are well known. We have here a fascinating study of White Russians, and of their relation or non-relation to the world of today. Between the beginning and end of the adventures of the Grand Duke and Duchess (backed by Mr. Sava's own memories of pre-Revolution Russia) we have a Nazi Germany interlude, and a picture from the surgeon's point of view, of the 1940 London blitz.

Sea Fishing

British Sea-Fishermen, by Peter F. Anson (*British Pictures Series*; Collins; 4s. 6d.), is a picture, from the human side, of the fishing industry all the way round our coasts. Mr. Anson writes vividly on a subject which in the first place attracts him as a painter; obviously, he now knows it from A to Z. The illustrations (which include some pictures of his) are admirable.



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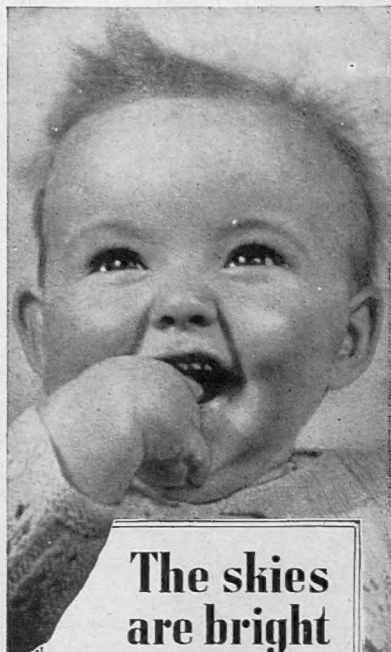
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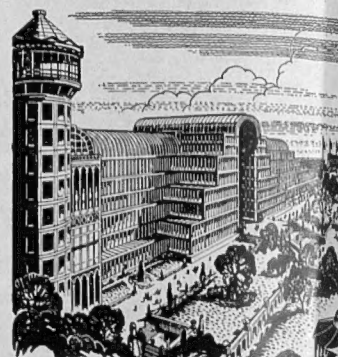
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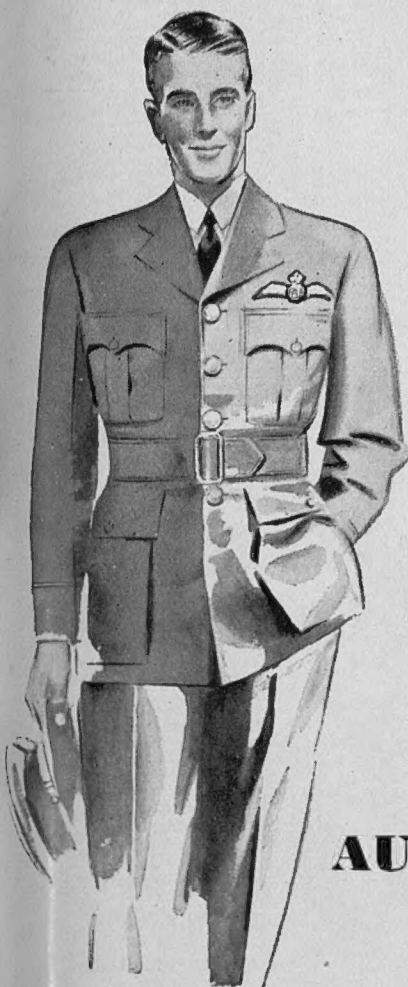
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